

A N
O R A T I O N
DELIVERED AT
E V E S H A M,
O N T H E
F I F T H of November,
1 7 3 0.

By *WILLIAM WATKINS*, M. A.
Rector of ALKERTON, and Master of the King's
GRAMMAR-SCHOOL in EVESHAM.

Tantum Religio potuit Suadere Malorum.

Publish'd at the Request of several of the AUDITORS.

L O N D O N:

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To the Worshipful

THOMAS ANDREWS Gent.

Mayor of EVESHAM,

AND THE

Rest of the GENTLEMEN

WHO

Desir'd its Publication ;

THIS

ORATION,

BEING THE

FOURTH which the AUTHOR hath Spoke
upon the same Subject,

Is Humbly Dedicated,

By their Oblig'd,

Humble Servant,

WILLIAM WATKINS.

To the World

THOMAS ANDERSON

Mayor of Edinburgh

AND

RECEIVED OF THE

DEPT. OF THE

OF THE

ORATION

DELIVERED

FOURTH YEAR OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE
UPON THE LAST DAY

OF HIS LIFE

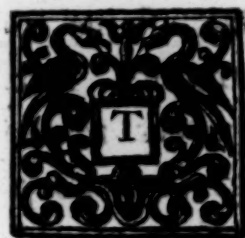
BY THE

Humble Servant,

WILLIAM WATKINS



A N
O R A T I O N
UPON THE
FIFTH of November.



O commemorate * *the gracious and miraculous Deliverances of religious Princes and States*, from all the melancholy Pomp of Woe, that follows intestine Broils, foreign War, or treasonable Conspiracies, is the Dictate of Reason, the Result of common Gratitude ; and hath in all Ages been the Practice of the more Polite and Civilized Nations in the World.

THE *Passover* and *Purim* of the *Jews*, the many Days set apart in the Kalendars of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, are so many Arguments of the Fitness of National Gratitude, and of the Sense of those ancient and wise Nations upon the grateful Subject of Anniversary Thanksgivings.

B

LET

* Collect for the Day.

LET not then us *Britons* come behind them:
 But — Welcome, thrice welcome to us be this
 glorious happy Day, this joyful Rival of all the
 Whiter Days that grace our Kalendar. Thy Blessings
 rolling Ages never shall wear out! In spite of
 wasting Time thou ever shalt be Young! shalt ever
rise (as heretofore) *with Healing in thy Wings*;
 shalt ever banish Melancholy, Sadness, Sorrow;
 shalt ever view thy grateful *Britons* smiling; and
 through their spacious Isle shalt ever hear their
 joyful *Io's* sound!

OH! that I were equal to the glorious Subject!
 That I could dress the grateful Theme in Words
 might touch your Souls, and raise your just Resentment
 against the worst of Villany, shrowded under
Religion's sacred and abused Name! That I could
 paint the wondrous Goodness of the Day, so as to
 raise every pious, every grateful Thought! But
 Words are vile, and Eloquence can never reach
 the Subject; and should our Thanksgivings keep
 pace with this Anniversary's short Sun, they would
 still be unequal to the vast Debt, that bounteous
 Heaven hath this Day loaded us with.

HAD I but some Sparks of that sacred Fire, that
 warm'd our first Reformers Breasts; had I but the
 least share of the *Spirit* and *Power* of the *Elijah's*
 of *Mary's* bloody Reign, the * *Cranmers*, the *Rid-*
leys, the *Latimers*, who living, stemm'd the Tor-
 rent of Papal Tyranny and Superstition, who dying,
 mounted

* These three Prelates were burnt in Queen *Mary's* Reign,
An. 1555. the last (being then aged Eighty Years) thank'd God
 (upon hearing his Sentence) that he was call'd to glorify him in
 his Old Age by that kind of Death. — *Fox's Acts and Monuments.*

mounted their native Heavens in *fiery Chariots*; then might I hope to do tolerable Justice to the glorious Subject.

AND if the Bless'd above can receive any Addition to their Happiness, on this Day even the stern Ghost of *Harry* shall, pleas'd, put on an unusual Smile; the soft god-like Spirit of *Edward* rejoice to see his Reformation finish'd; and the great superior Soul of fam'd *Elizabeth*, as often heretofore, so now with Rapture look down on her *Britain's* Genius superior and triumphant o'er the base hellish Arts of baffled *Rome*; and *the noble Army of Smithfield Martyrs*, the Goodliest and the Choicest of our Forefathers Flock, the burning and shining Lights of their own and our Age, would make their Heaven echo with louder *Hallelujahs*.

I SEE your pleas'd Imaginations catch the grateful Subject; I see you conscious of your Laws, Religion, Liberties, by this Day's Fate secured; and could my willing Soul find Words to express her Joy, this Day would seem but short, and your Patience not be tir'd. But how can Gratitude, considering the vast Debt we owe, be ever tir'd? Or how can Thanksgiving, wondrous pleasing Subject! ever cloy? No, that is alone equal to the vast Enlargements of our Souls; that's the gratefulst Part of Worship here; and when we are past the dreadful Confines of Mortality, Religion's sacred Acts will be swallow'd up in Praise, and Thanksgiving will be the grateful Theme of *the Heavens*, and *all the Powers therein*, of all those *Angels and Arch-Angels that cry aloud*, of *Cherubims and Seraphims*, to all Eternity.

AND.

AND if *Mercy*, the most endearing *Attribute of God*, can move us, if *that* which melts Mens Adamantine Hearts can soften us, if *that* which doth Omnipotence itself disarm, and wrests the vengeful Bolt from the uplifted Hand, can touch us, here then, my Countrymen, behold the most glorious *Instance* of it offer'd; an *Instance* so uncommon, that the World itself ne'er saw, nor History records its Parallel; an *Instance* so surpassing common Providential Mercies, that it even call'd *Omnipotence* itself to Aid; and our Deliverance was not wrought by the ordinary Methods of Providence, but the Almighty seems to have stepp'd out of *his secret Pavilion*, to have stretch'd out mightily his restraining Hand, to have alter'd Nature's Course, to have check'd her in the Execution of his own Laws, and from the Cause to have separated the Effect; and when the fatal Train was laid, when the Match (upon how small a Thing did then thy Fate, my dear Country, depend!) was ready; then God All-merciful (and thou All-ignorant) stepp'd in between, unravell'd, quash'd, defeated all the labour'd Politicks of Hell and *Rome*, and made the raging Element of Fire resign its dreaded Qualities.

GRATEFUL then as *Mercy* to the suing Penitents, Joyful as Pardon at the fatal Tree to halter'd Criminals, Welcome as the wish'd Shore obtain'd to shipwreck'd Mariners, so should this Miracle of *Mercy* be to us: Our Danger greater, nearer, and more dreadful, than all the Scenes of Woe the World e'er saw, or Poets warm'd Imaginations could invent: A Danger so full of Horror, that even the
Arch-

Arch-Traytor * *Garnett's* Guilty Soul turn'd inward, when he thought on the horrid Deed, and his dying Words (alone sufficient Proof of the Reality of the Plot) were these; That " The Treason was
 " Horrible and Bloody, and such as even his Soul
 " should have abhorr'd, had it succeeded."

How shocking then is that Religion that sanctifies the worst of Means to gain its Ends; that even justifies Rebellion, Treason, Parricide, nay, consecrates the fatal Tree, and makes the Pope's enthusiastick Minions † *Martyrs*.

COULD I but represent the dreadful Miseries for you, my Dear Countrymen, this Day intended! but why do I talk of representing what's impossible? for Words were never made to paint such wondrous Scenes of Woe; Description ne'er can reach them, and the largest warmest Fancy, is startled and confounded at the vast medley dismal Prospect.

HAD I been a sad Spectator of all the shocking dreadful Scenes of Misery that History records, or wretched Mortals ever try'd; Could I describe with solid Judgment of Historians, and with all the Poets Garniture of Wit display the Sieges, Conflagrations; the Treasons, Murders, Massacres; the Wars of Elements, and Earthquake's horrid Crush; the Inundations frightful Flow; the poignant Lightnings swift Effects; or Thunder's loudest Roar; Could I

C

with

* " Machinatio contra Regem & Regnum immanis & Sanguinolenta erat, quamque si perfecta esset ego ipse intimis sensibus & toto animo detestaturus eram. *Vide Ant. de Dominis Supplicium de Hen. Garnetto sumptum.*

† " *Garnettus jam Proto-Martyr Sanctissimi Confessionis Sacramenti, prædicatur. Vid. De Domin. Ostenfio Errorum, P. Franc. Suarez. Cap. 6. p. 321.*

with nicest Judgment from each dismal Scene extract each principal Figure of Woe; Could I, with the best Conjunctions of the Historians, Poets, Painters several Arts, put all together in one dreadful Piece, still would it (though wondrous frightful) fall short of the inexpressible Misery this Day design'd.

WE have heard or read of all the Horrors of that fatal Night, wherein old *Troy*, after a long ten Years Siege, was ta'en and laid in Ashes: Of greatest Cities, of *Rome*, of *Carthage*, and Thou, ill-fated faithful Town * *Saguntum*, sack'd. — We can form to our selves some shocking Notions of Poison's deadly Force, of pining Famine's lazy Pains, and Plague's malignant speedy Influence, slow unsurprizing Methods all of Death, when to the Expeditious, Unparallel'd Method of *this Day* compar'd.

IN all the dreadful Magazines of *Death*, in Sieges, Famines, in Plagues and Fields of Battle, though the Grim Tyrant Death makes wondrous Speed, and though mighty Numbers, and in various Methods fall, yet gradually, and with expecting Fears they fall. But had this Conspiracy succeeded, Death would have been uncommonly *Luxurious*, would have appear'd in his most melancholy Pomp of Horror, and in all his dreadful Regalia been more than ever a *King of Terrors*. IN

* An ancient City of *Spain* in Alliance with the *Romans*, whose Inhabitants defended themselves against *Hannibal*, eight or nine Months; but being press'd with Famine, (whence the Proverb *Saguntina Fames*,) and tir'd out with inexpressible Miseries, kindled a great Fire in the Midst of their City, into which they cast themselves, with their Wives, Children, and all the precious Things they had. *L. Flor. Eutrop.*

IN *one Moment*, surprizing dreadful Point ! so many, so noble, so valuable Lives sacrific'd : — In *one Moment*, the so-long disputed Fate of the World's noblest Isle determin'd. — In *one Moment* her Laws, Religion, Liberty, inestimable Treasure's Purchase, the painful Work of Ages, and dearest Price of Rivers of the choicest Blood of our Progenitors, at one Stroke, O cruelly compendious Method of Fate ! destroy'd.

LET us, my Countrymen, represent to our selves the most August Assembly of the World replete with all the venerable Personages of Sacred Majesty, of Royal Princes, of Ancient Nobles, and honest Hospitable Gentry, the Glory, Flower, Strength of *Britain*, with numerous Attendants and Spectators, with all the Marks of Grandeur, with all the State of ancient Royalty together met, to enact wholesome Laws for the Glory of God, and the Peace and Interest of (as the Effect amply prov'd) his Favourite Church and Nation : ---- And in *one Moment* hear, O shocking Sound ! *the horrid Crash !* that *Crash* than Thunder louder, and as Lightning swift ! that *Crash* that must have rent yon Azure Skies, must to old Ocean's Bottom shook our Ancient Isle, roll'd o'er her ambient Seas, and more than Heaven's Thunder frighted distant Shores. — Then view, if Dust, and Smoak, and Flash will let you view the stately Fabrick, torn from its low Foundations, shatter'd and quiv'ring in the Air : Then see huge Heaps of Stones, vast ponderous Beams, the gilded Roofs, and polish'd Marble, the stately Marks of *Britain's* ancient

cient Grandeur, come tumbling down, and piece-meal pound and mash, and in its ample Ruins bury those it slays. — Never before did Thousands in the *same* Place, in the *same* Moment fall; and never as *one single Man* did yet a mighty *Nation* fall.

WHAT once was so near, let us for once suppose (though utmost Horror waits the Supposition) the Train just fir'd, and the dreadful Work compleat, and at *that one unerring Blow the sure Destruction fallen.*

BUT first prepare and steel your Souls for Sights of utmost Horror, and for the most moving of Compassion's Objects leave a Place. — For the Task be sure must be very difficult, and all the strongest Faculties of the bravest Soul be full employ'd to bear the mighty Shock; and its boasted glorious Properties of Reason, Courage, Patience, Conduct, will be but just equal to meet the various medley Scenes of *Horror*, and *Compassion*.

SEE there the ruthless prosperous Villains, scarce yet believing their unexampled Deed, with dreadful Joy insulting! — With cruel Glee successful Parricide approving, and with Rapture, bloody and uncommon as their County's Fall, triumphing! — See there at Distance from the shatter'd motley purple Pile, where *Limbs yet quiver, and noblest Blood runs fresh!* See, hideous shocking Sight! the fearful wailing Multitude, with Horror, Pity and Amaze; with wringing Hands, and weeping Eyes, with all the keenest, tenderest Sentiments of Indignation and Affection; with all the melancholy Pomp of Woe, behold their Husbands, Fathers, Brothers, Sons,
and

and hapless Country's *yet living Tomb!* — See there some tender Wife, with pious Error, upon the Rubbish hug some mangled stranger Coarse unto her throbbing Bosom: — See there mistaken Matrons grasping mangled Trunks, each fondly claiming the mash'd deform'd Carcase for her Son! — There see a third, fitting a Father's lopp'd Limbs to a Son's, perhaps a Cousin's, Stranger's Trunk, hoping to pay what hapless the cruel Traytors might deny, the last Offices of decent Funeral, to the patch'd medley Corpse! — Nay, see the Monsters spurn the wailing Mothers, Sisters, Wives, from the sad pound-ed Relicks of their Sons, Brothers, Husbands, even deny them the melancholy Indulgence of their Sorrows, and refuse them the shocking Privilege of culling from the Rubbish their mash'd Kindred Coarces, washing their Wounds with Tears, and laying their broken Bones under hallow'd lighter Earth!

AND here one would think their Treason glutted, that rage and Cruelty could wish no more, and that human Malice could not farther than the Body try to reach. — But such thy exquisite Malice, Bloody *Rome!* that even beyond the Grave, with unexam-pled Rage thou persecutest thy Foes, and most un-mercifully doomst to never-dying Flames all differ-ing Opinions; *Narrow, Shocking, Damning Princi-ple! Religion's Shame! The Blot of Reason!* and *Blasphemy* of Heaven's glorious Attribute, *Mercy!* *Mercy that is over all God's Works*, nay, and be-yond them too, boundless as his Essence, from ever-lasting to everlasting. — To lock up yon glorious

Seats of Bliss for one Sect of Men, one little Spot of this vast peopled *Earth*, which *is the Lord's*, and *all that therein is*, is sure giving the Devil more than is *his Due*, is presuming even beyond their boasted Infallibility, is usurping the Throne of Omnipotence itself to the vilest Purpose, to dispeople Heaven, and send the World's vast Colonies to enlarge the Devil's Empire. — Sure the Man whose Breast is not steel'd with hardest Cruelty, whose Soul is susceptible of melting Mercy, who dreads the Woes to Breach of Mercy due, cannot but tremble; his Soul must turn inward, when he sees this dire uncharitable Liberty which *Rome's* unnatural Profession with all others takes, regardless of that awful Sentence; which we should all do well, my Townsmen, to remember, when we too rashly, as well as narrowly censure the Religion of others; *Who art thou that darst to judge another.*

BUT had their Malice (which Heaven be prais'd it had not) its wish'd Success, their Power had reach'd not (though their Malice did) farther than the Bodies of the wretched Slain; the Souls of that most precious and unparallel'd *Burnt Sacrifice* would, no doubt, have *been in the Hands of God* All-merciful, and the glorious Cause, with the dreadful Manners of their Deaths, would have merited (if ought could merit) the pious Martyr's glorious Crown.

BUT, Oh! what Words can paint, what warmest fruitfult Imagination even fancy the Woes that would have waited their *more unhappy*, because *surviving Countrymen*? Nor Eye hath seen, nor Ear hath heard, nor ever hath it enter'd into the Heart
of

of *Man* to conceive the dreadful Miseries that probably Popish Malice would have prepared for those they so implacably hated.

FOR — the Fatal Blow once given, Impious War would then have succeeded, and Savage Slaughter; and what their Treason had so successfully begun, the Sword of Violence would have pursued, establish'd.

THE horrid Scene at *Westminster* once open'd, would have spread dreadful o'er our Isle, and carry'd with it all the poignant Woes of Civil Discord, and *abus'd Religion's Fellest War*.

SEE where our steady *Britons* fall! See where devouring Flames our fairest Cities level! See the *Trent*, the *Severn*, *Thames*, with their own Borderers Blood distain'd, paint all the Miseries that can attend a Fallen State, fill up the Piece with wild Disorder, universal Horror, and promiscuous Guilt; draw venerable Laws, Religion, Empire fallen, bleeding, expiring, with the keenest Aggravation of their Misery, by the unnatural Hands of their own Sons; and *Britain's* Isle by *Britons* Treason betray'd, enslav'd, ruin'd!

AGAIN had we seen the *Spaniards* proud Armado's (as heretofore) riding upon our *British* Seas, at this fatal Juncture too truly to be stil'd *Invincible*; and not less furnish'd with all the ghastly Instruments of *Spanish Popish* Cruelty, that could render Death compleatly terrible.

BONNER's and *Gardiner's* (frightful Names) had again disgrac'd and stain'd with Blood of Innocents the sacred Lawn.

AGAIN

AGAIN our *Smithfield* Fires had blaz'd, and the Choiceſt of our Prelates, Nobles, Commons, muſt again have been the precious Fuel of devouring Flames. — Again had *Rome* erected all her purple Banners with her own ancient Cruelty and Superſtition fraught. — Again our large Demefnes, the due of Merit, Virtue, Induſtry, had miniſter'd to the Vice, Luxury, and Ignorance of Lazy Monks and Friars. — Again our Reaſons muſt to Papal Tyranny have ſubmitted, and bloody *Inquiſitions* have ſecur'd Us and our lateſt Offspring Slaves.

THUS near, thus great, thus terrible was thy intended Treason, Ruthleſs *Rome*! So near, that but very few Hours (the Train laid, and Match ready) interven'd between our Country and her unprecedented Fate! So great, ſo terrible, that it was beyond the Examples of all former Ages! No Parricides, Rebellions, Treasons, by wittieſt Wickedſt Villains e'er invented, come near the ſavage and unnatural Conſpiracy of this Day. — Avaunt Ye *Brutus's*, Ye *Catilines*, Ye *Ravillacs*, with all Ye leſſer Herd, Ye vile Bunglers of Petty-Treasons! Superior *Garnetts*, *Vauxs*, *Winters*, eclipse your Whiter Ghoſts, diſpoſſeſs You of your ancient Seats below, and claim the higheſt, which in your horrid Manſions are to moſt higheſt Treason due!

BUT why do I talk of *Brutus's* and *Catalines*, generous gentle Names, when pair'd with the more bloody ones of *Garnett's*, *Vaux's*? — What thou, great *Brutus*, didſt, was bravely done: Thy Patriot Sword dug for *Darling Liberty* in Tyrant *Cæſar's* Breas't, and through thy *Deareſt Friend's* own Heart thou ſtabb'd thy *Dearer Country's* Traytor. THE

THE publick Grievances, and private Wrongs, (specious Pretences!) unsheath'd the Sword of fiercer *Catiline*; pretended Tyranny kept it drawn; but though a Traytor he was than Ours more generous, He openly avow'd his Cause; and for it in the Field upon the Heaps he had slain, he greatly fell.—*Catiline* howe'er was like the common Run of Rebels, a Man of vile Principles, viler Morals, and desperate Fortunes. *Cæsar* was generous, a Soldier, and successful; yet *Cæsar* was proud, a Tyrant, an Usurper. He to an ill-got Empire pay'd a bloody Way o'er Heaps of slaughter'd Senators and *Roman* Citizens; and to his Country's Fall, *Cæsar* *inglorious* ow'd his Rise.

By no such Arts didst thou, pacifick JAMES, ascend thy *Britain's* Throne; thy Title clear and unexceptionable, by Law, by Blood, by universal Approbation, was confirm'd. In thee no Tyrant Prince, the *Scourge of God*, thy People felt; no publick Grievances, nor long expensive and Successless Wars; no private Peaces with greater Cost than open Wars extorted; no grievous unknown Load of Taxes yet gall'd the pillag'd Nation; no upstart Titles, or Pretenders alarm'd their Fears, or acted on their Hopes; no covetous oppressive Ministry, the Prince's Shame, the People's Fleecers, could possibly be made Pretences for the horrid Treason of this Day. Publick Peace bless'd the Nation, Trade flourish'd, Justice was duly, speedily, and impartially administer'd; *the Priests* of the true God *rejoic'd and sang*; the People *sat at Ease*, every Man under his own Vine, and his own Fig-tree; and all the Cir-

cumstances of that Infant Reign, seem (so far as we can judge at this Distance) to have been almost *Faultless, Happy, Glorious, as the Present.*

WHAT then could move the Parricides to this unheard of Plot? What, but the Grandeur (that haughty Principle) of *the Holy Church*? What but the cruel Pleasure propos'd in the Extirpation of what they call'd *Heresy*? What but *Zeal*, burning *Zeal*, as Hell hot, and as the Arch malicious Fiend implacable.

O my Countrymen! what mighty Ills have not been done by *Zeal*, that *Fever*, or rather *Frenzy* of *Piety* in the Mind? What hath laid contending Nations waste, but *Zeal*? What hath broke through all the sacred Tyes of Nature, Blood and Friendship, but *Zeal*? What hath sacrific'd its *Thousands, and Ten thousands* to Moloch, but *Zeal*? What hath so often set Persecution, dreadful'st Minister of Popery and Death, on work, but *Zeal*? What first set up, and still continues Reason's Disgrace, Religion's Shame, the bloody Inquisition? *Zeal*. What hath so many Poisons for so many Princes mix'd? What pointed * *Ravillac's* Knife? What steel'd, O hapless *Charles*! thy fatal Ax? To sum up all that's vile, What brought the Lord of Life to Whips, and Thorns, and Spikes, and Cross, and Death most exquisite and ignominious, but *Zeal*? Mistaken, Hot, Destructive *Zeal*! *Zeal*, that hath eclips'd whatever Envy, Malice, Hate hath done! *Zeal*, that with unextinguish'd Rage against the Just, the

Pious

* *Ravillac* stab'd *Henry* the Fourth of *France* in his Coach at *Paris*, *May* 14. 1610.

Pious *only* burns ! *Zeal*, that hath drank whole Seas of choicest Blood, and ravag'd even what the ruthless Sword, and proud Ambition have spar'd ! Can Heaven encourage Deeds like these ? Or can infinite Mercy delight in Cruelty, in Blood, in Slaughter ? No ! Right Reason and Religion represent the God of Christians, as *the Author of Peace, the Lover of Concord ; the Father of Mercies, the God of all Comforts ;* Amiable Endearing Characters ! — But Popish Persecuting Monsters describe Him ruthless, and void of Mercy as themselves ; Unnatural as the Heathen *Saturn*, devouring his own Offspring ; Barbarous as the Ancient *Moloch*, delighting in human Burnt Sacrifices ; and cruel as the *Indians * Vitsiputzi*, crushing to Death his Votaries by Thousands under his massy Chariot-Wheels.

No Wonder, then, if *such a Church* encourages, and pushes on *her Professors* to perpetrate the worst of Villanies, whene'er her Interest demands it. 'Tis *This* will sanctify the worst of Means : *This* shall justify secret Treachery, or open Violence : *This* shall void the solemn'd Promises and publick Treaties : *This* shall absolve from sacred Oaths, and from Allegiance : *This* shall sanctify the Assassinations of Princes, and the Massacres of Subjects : The shocking'st Villanies that wretched Mortals e'er can perpetrate, shall by *This* be deem'd (not only innocent and allowable, but) great, commendable, meritorious.

THIS

* See the Account of this *Mexican* Idol in *Acosta* and *Jovet. Hist. des Religions.*

THIS, *Rome!* thy ablest Casuists justify: *This* thy Confessors (wretched Directors of Consciences!) privately encourage: For *This* thy Prayers, thy Sacraments, and Masses have been celebrated: *This* thy sacred College have applauded; and *This* Christ's pretended Vicars, thy Infallible Judges, have ratify'd. Nay, *This* to Hymns, to Incense, Saintship, Adoration shall intitle Rebels, Traitors, Assassines; and the black Names of *Garnetts, Vaux's, Catesbys*, stand in their Kalendars, in Competition with Confessors, Apostles, Evangelists.

I SHALL conclude what I have said on this Occasion, with what the Patriarch *Jacob* did with the justest Abhorrence, upon a like barbarous Instance, though far exceeded by the intended Treason of this Day. * *Simeon and Levi are Brethren; Instruments of Cruelty are in their Habitations: O my Soul, come not thou into their Secret! Unto their Assembly, mine Honour, be thou not united! For in their Anger they slew a Man, and in their Self-will they digged down a Wall. Cursed be their Anger, for it was fierce, and their Wrath, for it was cruel.*

* Gen. xlix. 5, 6, 7.

F I N I S.



